2: Mountford E-5 (1954) 1958
OI20 Tiwi OI20

Normally, all the belongings of the dead, except those left at the grave, are destroyed. If a man has a canoe, however, it is inherited by a male relative, not necessarily of the immediate family. But the canoe cannot be used until after the final *pukamuni*. It is then painted white and overturned on a smoky fire to drive out the dead man's *mopaditi*. If this ritual were not carried out, the *mopaditi* would warn the sea creatures and spoil the fishing.

768 [428] [783] [825]

(a) *The Burial of Nulatini*

At the death of *Nulatini*, the wife of one of my informants, *Pulanimbuwi*, six men, not closely related to the dead woman, were appointed as "workers".

764

One of them stayed behind in the camp to cut the hair[88] from the head, face and armpits of the husband, after which he washed himself, donned a *tolwiunga* (goose-feather ball) and pulled out his own pubic hairs.

302 751 775

The object of these rituals was to so alter the appearance and so destroy the body odour of the husband that the *mopaditi* of his dead wife, *Nulatini*, would neither recognize nor smell him. For, as mentioned previously, the *mopaditis* of the newly dead are lonely people, always on the look-out to steal the spirit of some living[84] person, as a companion. The husband is in especial danger.

There were no signs of grief at the burial site as the men cleared the ground

764

[88] In the olden days, the hair of the head was cut with cockle shells and that of the face, armpits, and pubes, removed by plucking. A study of the custom of depilation in Australia may reveal some interesting links.

[84] After the death of *Nulatini* I had a remarkable experience. The aboriginal men came to my tent and told me that, just as the woman was dying, she had called my name three times. As the aborigines believe that the last name called by a dying person is the one whose spirit the *mopaditi* would endeavour to steal, I was warned to take special care of myself. If I left camp, the men told me, I must take one of them to protect me, and if I had to walk around at night, I must always carry a lighted lantern, for, as mentioned earlier (p. 62), all *mopaditis* fear the light.

123 775

For a while I heeded the warning of the men (hoping thereby to gain a fuller knowledge of their beliefs about the *mopaditis*), but one day, without thinking, I wandered over a stony ridge to a lagoon, some two hundred yards from my camp.

I had just reached my destination when I heard the aboriginal men excitedly calling my name. Realizing the cause of their distress, yet anxious to gather additional information, I did not reply, but went back to camp by a roundabout way. When the men found me safe in my tent, they were most relieved. They told me that when I was missing they had followed my tracks for a while, but lost them on the stony ground (I was wearing soft-soled rubber shoes). Straightaway, the aborigines concluded that *Nulatini's mopaditi* had stolen my spirit, for, they explained, as soon as this happened, my body, being without a spirit, would not leave any tracks on the ground that they could follow, and, as I would have become invisible (like glass), they would have been unable to see me, even though I were close at hand.

The men were convinced that they had saved my life, for, by calling out, they had frightened the *mopaditi* so much that she had dropped my spirit, which had been able to re-enter my body.